VI.

Niagara-Again. Correspondence of The New York Tribune

WEDNESDAY, August 6, 1851 My DEAR EDITOR: Niagara is no less beautiful than sublime, although I do not remember to have heard much of its beauty until this Summer. Nature seems to have her partialities for places as well as persons. and as she thrones the Goethean or Web-*terian intellect upon "the front of Jove himself," so she is quite sure to adorn the feet of her snowy Alps with the gorgeous green of vineyards, the stately shades of chestnuts, or with the long, swelling sweep of lawn-like pastures; and here at Niagara she enamels the cliffs with most delscate verdure, and the luminous gloom of the wood upon Goat Island invites to meditation with cathedral solemnity.

Nothing struck me more than the ease of access to the very verge of the Cataract. Upon the narrow point between the large and small American falls fou may sit upon the soft bank upon a tranquil afternoon, dabbling your feet in the swiftly-slipping water, reading the most dreamy of romances, and soothed by the huge roar, quite as if you were the vicegerent of the Prophet, and the flow of the cool, smooth water but the constant caressing of troops of slaves. and the roar of the Cataract, but hushed voices, singing their lord to sleep. But if in your reading you pause, or if the low ripple of talk subsides, in which your soul was laved, as your frame, in the gurgling freshness of woodstreams, and your eyes are left charmed upon the current, or if your dream dissolves and you behold the water, its own fascination is no less : and so calm and happy it seems, so unimpatient of that mighty plunge, that it woos and woos you to lay your head upon its breast and slide into dreamless sleep.

"I have been half in love with easeful death," sang the poet to the Nightingale that sang to him. And whoever was really so enamored, could iff resist the seduction of the stream at the falls. For in its might subsides all fear. It is a force so resistless, that it would claim only a slight step, the merest overture of your will. If Niagara were in France, I am confident the Frenchmen would make suicide pic-nics to the Cataract. Unhappy lovers would take express trains, and their "quietus make" where their dirge would be endless. The French, of course, would add the melo-dramatic character of such an ending to its intrinsic charms, and even John Bull might forego the satisfaction of a leap from the Duke of York's column for a Niagarian annibilation.

As you sit chatting and wondering upon the little bench at this point, you are sure to hear the sad romance of two years since. A young man caught up a child and swang it to and fro over the water, only a few feet from the precipice. laughing gayly and feigning fright, when suddenly the child sprang from his arms into the rapid He stepped in instantly, for the water near the shore is not more than two feet deep, and caught her again in his arms. But the treacherous stones at the bottom were so shippery with the constant action of the water, that, although he could resist the force of the stream, he could not maintain his footbold, and was swept with the child in his arms, and his betrothed mistress watching him from the bank, directly over the fall. The man who told me the story had still a low tone of horror in his voice, for he said that as the young man came to the Point he had told him that there was to be a dance that evening. and that he must have his music ready; and they had scarcely parted, his words were yet ringing in his ear, when he heard a curdling shrick of terror, and knew that "somebody had gone over the falls."

Life at Niagara is less monotonous than at most Summer resorts. There is but one interest, and that absorbs all attention. The country around is entirely level, and covered with woods and grain fields. It is very thinly populated and, in fact, civilization seems to have made small inroad upon the primeval grandeur of the spot. Standing upon the western end of Goat Island, and looking up the stream, the wooded shores stare sternly back upon you, as in a say age silence of folded arms and scoraful eyes They are not fair woods, but frowning lorests. They smite you only with a sense of magnificent space, as I fancy the impression of Western scenery, but which is akin to that of chaos. From the spot where stood the young English hermit's cottage upon Goat Island, you front the Canada shore. But the name dies along your mind almost without echo-even as your voice might call into those dark forests, but melt from them no human response. Canada! The name is a mist in the mind. Slowly and very vaguely the forms of a few remembrances shape themselves. Shadowy and terrible traditions of hopeless and heartless Indian wars, which tapped the choicest veins of French and English blood, but gave no glory in return, half tell themselves in the mind, like the crossing of a beldame in the chimney-corner. And slowly from the red mist of that vague remembrance rise the hames of Wolfe, and Montgomery, and Montcalm, keroes where heroism little availed, for the Indian element tinged the whole tale, and where the Indian is, there nobility and chivalry are not. You look across the rapids upon a country that has made no mark in history; where few men love to live, except those who have little choice; where the towns are stagnant and few, upon a country whose son no man is proud to be, and the barrenness of the impression samewhat colors your feelings of Niagara, for the American shore is wild too, although the zealous activity of the little village at the falls, and the white neatness of Lewistown, below, reheve the sense of desolation upon the distant shares

The beauty of Niagara is in its immediate neighborhood. It is upon Goat Island, upon the cliffs over which hangs the greenest verdure. in the trees that lean out and against the Rapids. as if the forest were jealous or enamored of the waters and overhane them and dip, surfering their youngest and tenderest leaves to thrill in the trembling frenzy of the touch of Nizgara. It is in the vivid contrast of the repose of long trees and the whirl of a living ocean-and in the contrast, more singular and subtle, of twinkling. shimmering leaves and the same magnificent madness. It is in the profuse and spiendid play of colors in and around the Cataract, and in the thousand fair and fleeting fancies that wreathe its image in the mind as the sparkling spray floats, a rambow, around the reality. It is in the flowers that grow quietly along the edges of the precipices, to the slightest of which one drop of the clouds of spray that curi from the seething abyss is been and balm enough for a long and lovely life.

Yet-for we must look the Alpine comparison which is suggested to every one who knows Switzerland, fairly in the face-the Alps are more terrible than Niagara. The movement and roar of the Cataract, and the facility of approach to the very plunge, relieve the crushing sense of awfulness which the silent, inaccessi. I unstable almost as the water, yet quite firm

SUMMER NOTES OF A HOWADJI. | bie, deadly and earthly solitudes of the high Alps inspire; and the roar of an avalanche heard in those solemn hights, because beginning often and ending beyond the point that human feet may ever tread, is a sound of dread and awe like that of the mysterious movement of another world heard through the silence of our own. Besides, where trees grow, there human sympathy lingers. And doubtless it is the supreme beauty of the vicinity of Niagara that often causes travelers to lancy that they are disappointed, as if in Semirumis they should see more of the woman than of the queen. But, climbing the Alps, you leave trees below. They shrink and retire. They lose their bloom and beauty. They decline from tenderness into toughness, from delicate, evanescent hues into solemn evergreen, sadder, and more solemn, until they are almost black, until they are dwarfed and scant and wretched, and are finally seen no more. With the trees you leave the sights and sounds and sentiment of life. The Alpine peaks are the ragged edges of creation, half blent with chaos. Upon them, inaccessible forever, in the midst of the large life of the world, the spirit of antemundane silence lies stranded, as the corse of an antediluvian, upon a solitary rock-point in the sea, overtaken by creation chaos-drifted thither; and painfully climbing toward those hights you may feel, with the fascination of wonder and awe, that you look, as the Chinese say, behind the beginning.

But if the Alps are thus death, Niagara is life : and you know which is the more terrible. It is a life, however, which you are to observe in many ways, from below, from above, from the sides, from the suspension-bridge, and, finally, you must steam up to its very front, and then climb down behind it. These two latter excursions are by no means to be omitted. The little steamer leaves the shore just above the suspension-bridge, and gliding with effort into the current of the river, you remember that there is the cataract before, and the whirlpool behind and sheer rocky precipices upon each side. But there is only gay gossip and pleasant wonder all around you, and the morning is mild, and the falls flash tike a plunge of white flame. Slowly, slowly tugs the little boat against the stream. She hugs the shore-rocky hearted, stiff, straight prim old Puritan of a shore that it is, although a is wreathed and crowned with graceful greenness. And presently comes a puff of cool spray. Is it a threat, a kiss, or a warning from our terrible bourne? The fussy little Captain exhorts everybody to wrap in a water-proof clouk and cap; we shall else be soaked through and through, as we were never soaked by a shower of rain. But some of us, beautiful daughters of a mother famously fair, love our looks, and would fain enjoy the grandeur without making ourselves less levely. "Pooh, pooh!" insists our Captain, "I would a't give three cents for them 'ere bunnets, (our choice traveling hats !') if they once get wet "

So we consent to cloaks, but we positively decline India-rubber caps, especially after an advance to six cents upon the Captain's bid for our "bunnets,". The men must shift for themselves. Here we are in the roar and the rush and the spray. Whew! it drives, it sweeps, and the steady thunder of the cataract booms, filling the air with solid sound. Only a few of us hold the upper deck. Nor are we, who have no mantles, all unprotected, for shawls wont to fold more fragile forms from the sigh of the Summer wind, now shield us from the spray of Niagara. We sweep along upon our leaf, that quivers and skims the foam, sweep straight into the blinding white, thick, suffocating mist of the cataract, strain our eyes, as we gasp for the curve of the fall, for the parapet above, and in a sudden break. through which breathes cold the very air of the rush of waters, we catch a glorious glimpse of a calm ocean pouring white and resistless from the blue sky above into the white clouds below, and seem to see the very image of that Mind's process whose might

His undisturbed affairs

I glance backward upon the deck, which is give the first rapid impressions, with as little erraked by the scudding gusts of spray, and see a | for and exaggeration as possible, of places visitline of wet men crouching together, like a group | ed in the course of a year's absence. I only of Esquimaux, with their faces upturned toward | hope they may not prove more incorrect in fact the fall. They sit motionless, and staring and appalled, like a troop in Dante's Inferno. But traight before us-good God! pilot, close under the bow there, looming through the mist! Are you blind are you mad !-or has the cataract wrested our feeble power from us, and will it claim its victims! For a black rock, ambushed in the surge and spray, lowers before us. We are driving straight upon it-we all see it, but we do not speak. We fancy that the boat will not obey that the dire fate shall befall this terrific trifling. Straight before us, a boat's length away - and lo ' swerving with the current around the rock, on and further, with felicitous daring the little " Maid of the Mist" dances up to the very foot of the falls, wrapping herself saucily in the rainbow robe of its own mist. And there we tremble, in perfect security, mocking with our little Maid the might of Niagara; for man is the magician, and as he plants his foot upon the neck of mountains and passes the awful Alps, salely as the Israelites through the divided sea, so be dips his hand into Niagara, and gathering a few drops from its waters, educes a force from Niagara itself by which he confronts and defies it The very water that as steam was moving us to the cataract, had plunged over it as spray a few hours before

-Or go, some bright morning, down the Bid dle staircase, and creeping along under the cliff, change your dress at the little house by the separate sheet of the American fail. The change made, we shall reappear like exhausted firemen or Swanscot fishermen. Some of us will not insist upon our "bunnets," but will lay them aside and join the dilapidated firemen, and fishermen outside the house, as Bloomerized Undines, mermaids, or nainds. A few descending steps of rock, and we have reached the perpendicular staircase that leads under the fall. Do not stop-do not pause to look affrighted down into that whirring cauldron of cold mist, where the winds dart blinding in arrowy gusts. Now we see the platform across the bottom-now a cloud

of most blots it out. And it roars so! Come, Fishermen, Mermaids, Naids, Firemen and Undine, down! down! Ching to the railing! Lean on me! Look inward toward the rock. Thou gossamer-last flower that the softest zephyr would thrill, whither will these wild gales beneath the cataract whirl thee We are here upon the narrow platform, it is railed upon each side, and the drops dash like sleet, like acute hall upon our faces. The swift sweep of the water across the flow would slide us also into the yawning gulf beyond, but clinging with our hands, we move securely as in calm airs. And now look up, for you stand directly beneath the swoop of water, directly under the fall. The rock is hollowed, and the round pebbles on the ground rush and rattle with the sliding water as on the sea-beach. You leave the platform, you climb between two rocks, and slipping and sliding along a staging,

enough, you stand directly upon the rocks, and Niagara plunges and tumbles above you and around you. There at sunset, and only there, you may see three circular rainbows one within another: for Niagara has unimagined rewards for her heroic lovers, rewards of beauty so profound that she enjoins silence as the proof of

Returning, there is an overhanging shelf of rock, and there, except that it is cold and wet, you sit secluded from the spray. It is a loaely cave, curtained from the sun by the cataract ferever. And if still your daring is untained, you may climb over slippery rocks in the blinding mist and the deafening roar, and feel yourself as far under the great American fall as human foot may venture.

I must stop. We can thus talk about Nisgara, but not say much of it. Your few days there pass rapidly enough, and your feeble fan cies of its character are swallowed up like a chance flower you may cast upon its current, and to your own heart, forever loyal to that beauty and sublimity, how pleasant, in the pauses of a Saratoga fall, to hear from the beautiful belle of a first Saratoga season, "Ah! this is not Niagara, after all

We must hurry on to Saratoga, therefore, to

listen for such whispers. Your aff.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SKETCHES OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS BY W.

LIAN WARE 12mo., pp 326 Boston We thankfully welcome a new volume from the author of "Letters from Palmyra, Probus," and the other historical novels which have given him a classical reputation among the writers of this country. With a singularly refined taste, an imagination of equal delicacy and vigor, a rare vein of chaste and quiet humor, a breadth and freedom of thought admirably balsuced by a nice sense of truth and a refreshing horror of extravagance and affectation, together with a fine power of clear and well-adjusted expression, Mr. Ware has been too abstinent for his own fame in his dealings with the press, confin ing himself to a narrower sphere of literary etfort than was due to the public by a writer of such excellent culture and genuine power. His personal modesty has crippled his ambition as an author. For several years we have had no important production from his pen. The plea of ill health, we regret to know, may to some extent be urged as the cause of this protracted reticence. But even that should present no invincible obstacle to a writer of his variety and fertility of resources. We wish he had been less chary of his pen, for the influence of his works has always been friendly to esthetic cultivation and elevated views of life. Without forther complaints, however, we again thank him for this very agreeable volume. His old friends will read it with delight, and it will help to give him new ones. They will find in it the pure reflex or his own sterling character-modest, simple, calm, in beautiful taste, at first view deficient in energy, but often starting a train of vigorous thought, noble and elevated in its aspirations, though sometimes presenting too streng a spice of conservatism in its judgments both of literature and persons, to please those of us who remove in the principles of the progressive school, in all their manifestations. It is always truthful, nevefeeble. Many of its criticisms in art we decided ly reject, but always with admiration of the frankness and hearty independence with which they are expressed. The tone of the book is eminently healthy throughout. It is so absolutely free from pretension, that it may perhaps be passe over without appreciation by those who read with their fingers, or who deem a great deal of smoke necessary for a very little fire. The positions which it claims are gracefully stated by the author in his manly preface. "This small volume comes into existence, like so many others nowa-days, as a convenient way of disposing of matter previously used in the form of Lectures. They are the sketches of a traveler, and aim to ings of the class. It is a volume of light reading for the Summer road-side; and though, like the dowers of that season, it perish with them, one may be permitted to hope that, like some of them, at least it may exhale a not unpleasing fragrance

while it lasts." The subjects of which it treats are full of in terest, though not easily admitting of great originality. Mr Ware, however, never ekes out his thought with common-places, nor gives us an insipid rehash of the remarks of former travelers. He describes, with the most limpid sincerity, the impression made on his mind by a brief residence in Rome, Florence, Naples and London. The whole of the volume is valuable for its authenticity and its enlightened comments, but the most racy portion by far is that which relates to London and the English character. Some readers may be little attracted by its disquisitions on art, but no one can fail to enovits keen and merciless dissection of the insolence and pretense of unmitigated John Bullism-of that broad phase of the British character, of which The Times newspaper is a pletho ric representative.

Mr. Ware's personal impressions of the Italians were highly tavorable. He saw no people abroad, whom he would prefer to live with, if forced to leave his own country. In spite of their faults, they displayed so many of the charms of social intercourse, that no people could be more agreeable in their demeanor, either toward each other or toward strangers. Compared with the English, he finds them possessed of angelic attractions. Witness the following sketch of

THE ANCIENT ROBAN AND THE BUDGES ENG

The modern Italian is a descendant in a direct line of the ancient Roman. But shoots from many other stocks have been graited in, and the character of the old Roman has come in time to be supplied by a very different one. He was distinctly the asver of war. He loved nothing but war. Rome had not, till it had stood nearly seven hundred years, anything that could be called a literature, and it never had much aft, and what it had was treek, or imitation of Greek. Their occupation and their amusement was to assail the world and subdue it, and having but that one object before them, they succeeded to their heart's content. A firece, was loving people, proud and unlovely, always magnificent, after imagnantmous, they were a people loo sealsh, critel, arangam, to be loved. It their aim was to rule the world, the and thrower, they are a people too series, orner, arrogant, to be loved. It their aim was to rule the world, the effect was to be corduly hated by the world in return. And the early cance at length when the hatred of centuries bore its natural fruit, and Rome fell, her conquerors spreading themselves all over her sail, and a thousand various races mingling in to change the character and blood of the ancient inhabitants. The Haliam has more of Roman blood in his veins than any other people, and of Italians, the modern Roman, we may suppose, more than any other part of Buy. Yet but hithe rosemblance remains, even in him, in character, to the old Roman. It is comparatively a mild and gentle race—the Tuscans particularly so. The modern Roman has more gravity, almost severity, in his aspect, and therein approaches nearer than any other his remains ancestor. But he is hardly more a lover of war than the Tuscan. The old Roman, in truth, survives not in any of the Italian. old Roman, in truth, survives not in any of the Italian family, and if any where on the face of the earth

mily, and if any where on the lace in the earth w, in the modern Englishman. He has shown the same love of unscrupulous war e same ambition, the same hist of dominion, with e same general object in rice—money—national path. And he has specceded in his maranting. w. with

excursions into distant parts of the world, a hem schere apart. III he has reduced a very considerable part of it, of barrarous but comparatively feeble powers, yet, in a pecuniary point of view, enormously profitable regions, to his sway. He shows the same promance regions, to his sway. He shows the same moral traits as the old Roman-the same that no much power, it is to be feared, will always generate. He is unjust, arrogant, selfish, insolent. Such a people, as such individuals, may be ceared, but never leved. There was no great amount of love, we know, on the part of the Sicilians or Counthians toward Verres or Mummius, or toward the tyrant Recomble, who were them. toward Verres or Mummus, or toward the tyrant Republic who sent them forth to prey on her de-fenceies Provinces. And the one hundred million-of Hindeos and others, ground down beneath the military sway of England, have as little probably to ard her—no more than it is natural or possible for over to have toward masters. The English people sabected and rule, than in the case of the Roman. The Roman was by his position in the very mist of the kingdoms he ruled, held in wholesome check, both by apprehension of relatations and rebellions, and by actual experience of such revenges. The Englishman, unrotunately for his character, dwelling remote and secure in his island home, the groans of the enslaved and captive Hindoo never reach the ear of the haughty noble, the lordily banker, the luxurious lindin merchant, roting all in the wealth wrung from orpressed kings, princes, peasantry of the far East. The people of England, effecting their triumphs by armies and navies on the other side of the world, have, themselves, notwithstanding all the wars waged there, the occans of blood shed their, never heard the sound of a gun or drum, nor been shocked by the sight of a single drop of human blood. The people have felt no evil, experienced in suffering, nor witnessed it on the part of those who have. A school fatal to the character of any nationeducating it to selfishness, which, unchecked, must in time enlist against at the antipathies of mankind.

Mr. Ware is by no means blind to the defects

Mr. Ware is by no means blind to the defects of the Italian character, especially those which prevent their leve of liberty from being realized in their political institutions.

Within the last few years they have made the most Within the last few years they have made the most desperate struggles for freedom against the Austrian power, and have carried with them the sympathies of the world, but, like Lascoon in the coils of the scripent, they have struggled in vain, and are once more politically crushed and dead. And they have falled mainly through faults in their own character. They have still the character they displayed througheout the middle ages. They have no spirit of union among their many states—full of mittual leadousies each wishing to be first. none willing to surrender each wishing to be first, none willing to surrende a portion of right and power for the sake of the goo of the whole. They are, all of them, what our South of the whole. They are, an of them, what one some a working its, alone forthanacter, as fair self-ready to throw the world into universe concisson and war, rather than not be able to have her own wav—like a petred baby. A tew Carolina would reduce our country to the miserable condition of the Italian Republics. The want of a spirity d amily has destroyed them. That has be amore and amily has destroyed freem. That has been and is the radical fault of their character. Added to that, there is an indisposition to make the various sacraices and efforts essential to crown any efforts for freedom with secress. They are too little like English and Americans in this regard. Had they shown the spirit of self-rentineani, and desire of man, so essential under their circumstances, when the war in Lombardy first broke out three years ago —if Tusenny, when she sent six thousand men to the man of Minan, had sent too it wenty thousand, as she might have done, and other States in bke proportion—Amilian areas might have been formed. she might have done, and other States in hise propertion.—Anstra never social have entered Italy, and a grand Italian nation might have been formed. Londardy was the gate of Italy, the gate once off the hinges, and it was all over. But mutual jealousies and a common singuishness blasted all the hopes of hopeful and aspiring spirits. They all loved their present comforts too well to make the requisite sacrifices and exertions, even though permanent peace and liberty were the certain prize. They loved too well their homes, their cales, their cigars, their walks in the street, their losterings in galleries, their drives on the Cascina and Corso, and the minus war which can be so safely emoved in glorious uniforms, with opera bands of nume, up and down the streets of their capitals. So different from our people and the whole English race. We Angle-Americans are just at the other extreme of character. We are utterly destitute of all softness. In the American there is nothing of the woman, we are ready to say without any question as to the justice of a cause, fifty, out of any hundred of our citizens, are ready for a fight. If the cause seem a little better than bad, seventy-five per ceat, will burn for a trial of strength—and, it for either, a party, or the country, every partisan, or every citizen, as the case may be, without a moment's hestiancy, will shoulder his musket. strength—and, if for either, a party, or the country, every partisan, or every citizen, as the case may be, without a moment's bestancy, will shoulder his musket. I was assured that the Tuscans fought bravely when once on the held. No doubt. Every man is brave, and about equally so, when driven into a corner. But a people are never truly brave till they are so equally every where, brave through the nower of principle, not mere animal fury—as was the case in the opening of our Revolution—when there was no beating up of recruits, but the people, of their own movement, covered Lexington and fundar Hill with their blue frocks—antiopating all formal declaration of war. Even in such a war is this with Mixico, volunteers swarmed up as if to a fermal declaration of war. Even in such a war this with Mexico, volunteers swarmed up as if to aght for freedom and justice.

Italian life cannot be described without some notice of the Pope, whom Mr. Ware handles with a sturdy freedom from ceremony, not often exhibited in intercourse with pontiffs.

To see him, leads a Protestant to some new conclusions on the subject of Popery, and would go far to do spate any hiradig desire he might before have cherished for that form of Christianity. For myself, I cannot deay that there are some attractive charms about this form of religion, which need strong counteracting correctives to evercome them. There are charms other and better than can be answered by charging them as romantic. There is much in its forms one would like to see transferred to Protestantism. There is, for example, a beauty, and even a power, in the always open door of the Cathonic church of cathodral, where one may enter at a noment of devotional feeling, seciated himself its social devotion or private prayer, according to his feeling—which together with the other influences of the place, might originate or confirm principles or emotions of lasting value to the character and life such opportunity of retirement is not caucutal to either the existence or growth of a genuine religion, but it is an aid at least to many Christians of a perticular temperament. Christ says that worship should be in sport and truth, and that is the truest worship but forms may help us to attain to the spirit. Under Protestantism, for those of the middle and lower classes, there is no religious bone, there is a domestic home, but no corner for privacy. The Catholic Church, with its sast extent generally, and its numerous chapels, has in it the absolute seclusion of a desert. Any one and every one there can find the solitude, rest, retirement, and so the peace he craves. The architectural beauty of their churches serves as an additional attraction—the dimy lighted alisies, the lofty and richly decorated ceilings and HOW THE POPE LOOKS. craves. The architectural beauty of their churches serves as an additional attraction—the dimly lighted assles, the lofty and richly decorated ceilings and walls, the painted windows, have doubtless an effect to invite and detain the mind, to make it more willing to come, and more willing to remain. The devout attrace which the worshipes immediately assumes as he reaches the pavement of the church, or the vacinity of the attar, crossing himself and throwing himself upon his knees, is of directly religious effect. Then the music, always at the morning and evening services, and often breaking in at other times—organ, or choir and chant, or both—all this evening services, and often breaking in at other imes—organ, or choir and chant, or both—all this one would like and prefer whether Profestant or

times—orani. or choir and chant, or both—all this one would like and prefer, whether Protestant or Cathonic.

Witnessing these beautiful forms of edgion, under some particular states of mind and feeting, and it cannot be thought strangethal many persons of natural sensibility should, forgetting all cine of the Catholic faith, be won over to it by the beauty of the exterior service, and, really, never hearthy adopt much of the interior doctrine, or without much sophistication. But to witness the ceremonies of the Mass, and much else of the worship, would, with most minds, however they might reasonably enough fancy such either forms as I have just spoken of, effectivally scatter to the winds all else, and restore the pure ascendency of reason. These other parts of the worship would strike you as so far removed from anything you could possibly deem to be Christianity, as so at variance with the precepts of Christ, so discordant with the simplicity of his religion, that you could only vegand if as some wonderful theatrical show, but without place in the system of Christ.

By this you would be more forcibly struck still, if you should have the opportunity to witness the Pope at worship in his private chapel of St. Peters. I saw him once in the chapel of the Quirmal. I think it would have need any one of a leaning toward Canohicism, who should have been present. He was dressed in broades beave with embroidery and rold, the triple crown upon his head, and beneath the outermost layer of rish broades, other garments of various dyes equally rich. He was seated on his throne. On each side shood a Roman Prince, of nighest rank and oblest blood. Then several cardinals and bishops. As the worship opens, and age of cardinal of severity or eighty years of age approached, with a huge volume, which he opened, kneeled, and held, in a manner convenient for fits Holiness to tead his lessons from—pages lineshing at the same time and holding was torcites, though it was bright noon-day. When it was necessary for him to descend and app though it was bright noon-day. When it was necessary for hint to descend and approach the altar, first one of the cardinals tose, and after kneeling, removed his crown from his head then, the two Roman princes, one on each side drew near and unned hack the outer folds of his outer procase, then other cardinals the inner folds of his other clothes, so that he could move, when he rose, and, proceed by the pages bearing candil, is and by the cardinals, stood or kneeled at the altar, and when his part of the service was done, resume this seat on his throne, when every part of his dress was restored as it was before and again and again the same form was repeated. All the while he never mosting his fager, but treated

throughout as if he were an Eastern despot, or help-less taby. There is nothing exaggerated in this, no-thing unusual, it may be seen by any who will take the pains to be present. But one asks if all this is the pains to be present. But one a after the manner of Christ!

For the present Pope, Pio None, in his personal cor the present rope. Pio None, in his personal character, he is beneved to be a pure and amiable person. His countenance would indicate amiability, but weakness as well. He began his career with a policy unexpectedly liberal. He was, at the outset of his course, a reformer, and it has commonly been believed, assessed his memory and the property of the course. neignboring despotisms. He became alarmed by private interference and remonstrances, we may sup-pose, of both Austria and Naples—and by advice and, threateners was compelled to commence those re-trograde movements, so contradictory to his first acts and repeated. and repeated promises so that he was at one garded as a false-hearted and treacherous man; whole Roman people felt themselves to have deceived, after a variety of changes on one side the other, they led to that violent formation of the ral manistry, which the Pope was compelled arroint at the cannon's mouth—to the assassinat of his prime minister—to his flight to Naples—then to the French interference—the seege of Rome, and ul-timately to the complete return of the rule of despotism and darkness.

With the spectacle of His Holiness at his prayers, we will leave Italy and the Italians, and with the sharp eye of the author take a peep at London. As contrasted with American carelessnose he is struck with the

UNIVERSAL ENGLISH CLEANLINES I have speken of the cleanliness of the streets. This virtue is, I believe, a universal characteristic not of London alone, but of all England. The innot of London agency, one of an engage Are in-door and outdoor habits of the people are most irre-presentable in this respect. Yet, save in respect to the neatness and thorough finish in regard to gar-dens, grounds, and all the immediate surroundings of a dwelling-house or farm, which are more than ir-repreachable, I do not know that there is much dif-terence to be noted between English and American habits, one habit alone excepted, presently to be nohabits—one habit aione excepted, presently to be no-ticed. Housekeeping can harily be more neatly conducted in any part of England than in Massachu-setts or New-York. But all the environments of a country-house or farm, all such outside buthlings as out-houses, sheds for cattle and pigs, cattle-yards, barns, and so cu, are, in America, as the rule, drety, neglected, slovenly, rulnous, in the companion. berns, and so can, are, in America, as an end, of a neglected, slovenly, ruinous, in the comparison. The old rubbish that is suffered to accumulate also one shalf the New England country dwellings, especially about the barns, the old tumble-down speds, at roofless corn-barns, the old carts, warons, chi and other carriages of all sorts and names, the ments of old sleighs, old wheels, with tires of or or pules of rotten boards, barrels, boxes and wheelhar rows, kept in such places, one most rows, kept in such places, one must suppose on some principle of reverence of family antiquities, from year to year, and even from century to century, is a curious feature in our country society, and worth red and neat. In families of a modern date, for the better is quite observable as, also, abundant use of whitewash, which, not rs ago, in Massachusetts, would be applied many years ago, in Massachusetts, would be applie to cellings and walls once in tea, twenty, fifty year and perhaps never. Any one may remember to hav seen ceilings black with age and dirk, while at the same time the stairs, floors and dressers would be white as soap and sand could make them. Amon, the descendants of the Dutch enigrants the same sert of anomalies are to be noticed, where, while a the interiors of dwellings are without spot or stain all yards and streets, in any neighborhood, are absorbed. all yards and steeds, in any negative disgusting to a proposition of the control of the control

The city of New York is equally remarkable with the smaller villages for this sort of strange peculiar-ity-indeed, more remarkable, probably, thun any other place, large or small, in Europe or America. THE ENGLISHMAN'S DEESS. I have said a few words of the nice and canly habits of the English, in their houses and cleanly habits of the English, is their houses and cities. In their persons they are equally remarkable for the virtue. The Englishman if not always handsomely, is at least always appropriately and neatly dressed. Dress is almost a part of als religion. The fashions of English are not of so much elegance as those of France or America, which is this particular is French rather than English. At English coat is a clumsy structure compared with either a French or an American one. But the English is always better brushed; and, for his hat, it looks as it it were every day newly varnished. His ish is always better brushed; and, for his hat, it looks as it it were every day newly variashed. His linen is perhaps oftener changed than with others. But whether that he so or not, one thing is clear, that although a London atmosphere will in the case of a stranger mark it throughout in black streaks in a few hours, for some unfathomable reason the Englishman's bosoms and wrists maintain their stainless white. There are those, I am persuaded, from what may be observed at home, persons on whom a fly never lights, and a grain of dust never falls. It is the only way of accounting for their shirt collars. Insects and dust, as a general thing, abbor and shun ects and dust, as a general thing, abhor and shun-Englishman."

The author expresses himself in no measured terms, in connection with this topic, on a branch of social ethics, which is so scandalously outraged by the habitual practice of Americans. Cordially entering into his views as to the importance of a crusade against the "foul, horrid, unnatural" practice, which he condemns as an "offense that smelt to heaven," we copy his red-hot anthema against

marcation between the Englishman and the American, prouder and deeper a thousand-fold than any marcation between the Englishman and the American, broader and deeper a thousand-fold than any other, in politics, government, laws, language, religion. The Englishman never spits. Or if he does, he first goes home, shots himself up in his room, locks has door, argues the necessity of the case. If necessary, performs the disagreeable duty, and returns to society with a clear conscience. The American society with a clear conscience. The American spits always and every where, sometimes when it is necessary, always when it is not. It is his occupation, his pastime, his business. Many do nothing else all their lives, and always indulge in this singular recreation when they have nothing else to do. Sometimes, in a state of momentary forgetfulness, he intermits, but then, as if he had neglected a sworn duty, returns to it again with conscience smitten vigor. He spits at home and abroad by night and by day, awake and asteep, in company and in solitude, for his own amusement and the edification of a spitting community. On the freshly painted or scoured floor, or the clean deck of a ship or steamboat, on a parior floor, covered whether with ingrained, Brussels, Wilton, or Turkey, even there he voids his rheum upon the unabsorbent carras, so that one Brussels, Whiton, or Turkey, even there he voids his theum, upon the unabsorbent canvas, so that one may see, where numbers congregate, the railroad cars to run ramore ways than one. The pulpits and pews of churches are not safe. The foot pavement of the streets, the floors of hotels, of Congress halls, are foul with it, and in railroad cars it must always be necessary for a lady to shorten her garments, as if about to walk in the deep mod of the street, or the snow and water of spring, if she would escape defilement to either her dress or her slippers. As the power of drection of the human missiles is by no defilement to either her dress or her slippers. As the power of direction of the human missiles is by no means unerring, notwithstanding so much practice one's own person and all parts of his person are exposed to the random shots of this universal foe of American civilized life and often he finds on different parts of his dress proofs abundant of the company he has kept. The only single spot absolutely secure is a man's face, and that would not be, were not for the fear of a due!

That there is not the shadow of exaggeration in That there is not the shadow of exaggeration in this description, coarse as it has been my intention to make it, all Americans, and all travelers who have been within an American hotel, steamboat, or rail-car—all will testify. And the result of it all is, I suppose, that we are the freest and most enlightened people on the face of the earth! But for one, republican as I am in principle, I think, on the whole, I would prefer the despotism of Austria, Russia, or Rome, to the freedom, I I must take with it the spit of America. It is vice enough to temptone to forswear home, country, kindred, friends reignon. It is ample cause for breaking acquaintance, religion. It is ample cause for breaking acquaintance friend-hip, for a divorce. In a word, it is our gran national distinction, if we did but know it. There re certainly parts of the country comparatively, but his comparatively, free from this vice. Here at the outh there is much less than at the West and South, outh here enough of it to disgust one with his race, proportion as general refinement prevails, the cus an acutes. At the South, no carpets, no rooms, no

In propertion as general refinement prevails, and comton names AI the South, no carpels, no rooms, no

I am perfectly withing to be estructed on the score of
take for introducing the topic, if, by onling attention to it,
if may be the means of redeeming a few even from a labit
which makes our whole country a by-word and an offense
all over the critical world. I am sarry to say, that in regard to this practice hardly a rentleman in his manners is
any where to be found. One meets persons constantly at
public places, in public courseances, with the dress and
sorward aspect of well-tred men, many whom you know
to come under the category of what is called the best socery with a hose personal nabits, as you are unfortunately
while of ast besines them in some real-car, you can be
filled only with an unconquerable disqust.

Every American is born perhaps to the habit; though
my earliest recallections are of its havior been ever sternly
materiacted. Still, inversal bad example had its unavendable had effect to a certain extent. In England I happened
one day to be an a country pest-office in company with an
other perion. I fell a disagreeable measurest the apurpose
as I had in view, excape from the country. I did what I
could, but I am willing to confess, fell short of my day,
had passed through two rooms and a hail to reach the
lectic-ton. I custicently retreated through the two fooms.
I reached a large mat at the outside-door. I ought to have
accust the street. It was a great error. But before I
could commence my return, my companion—ny
good
mention as one of the two most distinctive traits of the Enrlier manner.

presence affords protection. Here, in the best rooms

presence affords protection." Here, in the best rooms, the best society, there is partial exemption, though not often enough, from the presence of that ingenoes, fearful patent, the brazen, chima, or earther soy.

Would that my country could be induced to passe in this its wonderful career. Pity some public effort could not be made by way of general convention, we otherwise, for the abatement of this national machinest-certainly as worthy of attention as very many of our political and moral referms. The article where of the London survivon, absence h., to an American seacoptain, was at any rate useful to us all, and prognativity good medical philosophy. "Keep your saling in your mouth to help digest your food with," said he, "and not spit if all over my carpet."

Every American traveler in England mass.

Every American traveler in England must money, stocks and trade everride letters, an, sobility, and indeed everything but law. O. this point Mr. Were discourses with pangent and excortating justice.

and excertaining justice.

ENGLISH CANY AND SNAT-SYRAITING.
But though all this he so true—this develon of England to commerce and the accumulation of wealth, and their success in heaping us inches beyond any other people on earth—they are very mack grieved that the American should be housed with the same marinty, and, as we well know, never cease from tenderly updrasting us for our devotog to the "aimighty dollar." This is all most kindly meant, no doubt, but it reveals a tract in the English meant no doubt, but it reveals a tract in the English character which deserves a little alienton—therefore and their practice of cant. I suppose, if there is no tract by which it is more deeply marked that by another, except two, possibly, aircany named, it is by this particular form of hypograps. Colossal magnitude is not more truly the characteristic of Lendon than can is of the English mind. To real their journals, reviews, papers and boos, you would their journals, reviews, papers and books, you would their journals, reviews, papers and booss, fancy them, from what they say of them represent the most moral and religious loving and peace sile, the most generous nanimous, the mest self-sacrificing, profits than people in the wide world. But when truth are what they seem to many to be they arrogate these virtues to themselves is more than doubted by the world at large, densely here. is more than doubted by the world at large, and quite denied by such learned domestic authorities as Collyle and Punch. Even The Beautory's allest east," as the special infirmity of the people." These, out especially the two first named, are the doctors who particularly apply themselves to the cure of this easy, besetting sin of the English character. It hones, by ficariessly, powerfully as they have fined they trade, they have found the disease too deep-stated to be easily cradicated. Native, moreover, to the constitution of the entire people, and long herediary, unfortunately, it has been caught by the Anglo-tary, unfortunately, it has been caught by the Anglo-tary, unfortunately, it has been caught by the Anglo-tary, unfortunately, it has been caught by the Angloong heredi American, and, though weakened over and the street and though weakened over the street and though weakened over the street and the street and the street and the street are the street and the street and the street are street as a street and the street are street as a str as yet, in the England the obsistraining any are alied very occupation of the people sees at gnats and swallowing camels. It with a very virtuous indignation at custonce of American slavery, aim they who planted it here, and that, to will and most earnest remonstrances, same time they swallow without slavery of one hundred and fifty milling what proportion out of the will be resonal slavery, where there is have personal slavery, where there is buying and selling personal slavery, where there is buying and selling, and labor without remineration, that hose st, meanest form of tyranny. I know not, though the proportion is very girat, but that there is political slavery there throughout that whole innoense population, all the world knows a slavery beneath which the East Indian is ground to powder by the irresistable power of English arms, and by which the proceeds of his industry, or his hereditary wealth, are wring from him by compulsory process, and, by the movernment, the most gigantic fortunes accumulated all ever the British islands, and, as well, sinceurist idlers, without number, throughout the Indian penthisular, enriched by enormous salaries,—natives doing all the work for what vice and rupees will keep them from starving. Notwithstanding the natives doing all the work for what tice and rupees will keep them from starving. Notwithstanding the frequent display, on the part of the traveling Englishmen and the review-writing Englishmen, of the most generous sentiments and sympathes on behalf of the blacks, and their expression of wonder and regret that the American white should refuse to consort on equal terms with the free Aircan, it is still true that color, even the light olive not of the Hindoo, bears the same mark of degradition in Calcutta, and to many even in London, as here, and the cutta, and to many even in London, as white Englishman will not sit at meat the East white Englishman will not sit at meat Indian, though he be a prince or a There were gentiemen, who, thought not dine in company with Ram Mohun a full-blooded Rajah, and a most learneplished man—"indignantly refusing to with that black fellow." They lecture the virtues and duties of peace, but will let loose the does of way whene. Roy, though all at table the virtues and duties of peace, but without scrupi-will let loose the dogs of war whenever their dan nels, their cottons, their woolens, fron, or opium are interfered with. They give suppers and break are interfered with. They give suppers and breaktasts, and have all their equipages in full livened
action on Sundays, whereby armies of servants of
higher and lower degrees are detained in personal
attendance on their masters throughout the day, and,
for a pretense, stop the Sunday mail, that all the
various operatives connected therewith may be a
leisure to go to church as they ought to do, and
say their prayers. They are saily pained that the
American should love the dollar so well, the ould
difference being that their love of the pound is the
same, only five times as much. They have made a
great ado, and with nuture and seuse, about the virtue of temperance in England,—there is need of it,
for the English, and still more the Scotch and Irish,
are a nation of hard dirakers, but, at the same
time, made cruel and cowardly war, but a few
years since, upon the Chimese, to competitem to
get drank on the opaum which they first force? One trait more, though with the risk of disgusting scine and offending more—though I will hope not. An Englishman, I believe, rarely chews, and, compared with the American, rarely smokes, but whether he does not secretly practice both these abominations I am not prepared to say. But with both these provocatives, if it be so, one thing he never does, is, to spit. That fact draws a time of demarcation between the Englishman and the American or were, of course, Italians—the first having are, or were, of course, Italians—the first having been at school a while in London, the last in Romen not remembering that England, a thousand years older than we at that time, produced no artists before the middle of the eighteenth century, and to this day has produced not one of the highest class; the taste of England never having risen above the admiration of Carlo Doice, among the old jumiters, and now delighting itself chiefly in the horsest heads, pet poodles, and woolly lap-logs of Landscor. England riots in hixuries obtained at the expense of the comfort and subsistence of the lower classes, from which fort and subsistence of the lower classes, from which fort and subsistence of the lower classes, from which she wrings by taxes, direct and indirect, the last penny that will just leave the life in the body, over whom she at the same time utters the most touching amentations for their hardships and miseries. The female sex is, in this case, the grand sucrifice, who, in this respect at least, are slaves—though living on the boasted soil of England, that they are compelled to work without remainsration; for that cannot be selected without remainsration; for that cannot be to nerk without remainstroom; for that cannot be called remomentation which fails not only to support life in tolerable comfort, but to support it at all and to save from starvation by cold and honger, resort must be had to vices which, were God no more merriful than man, would destroy soul as well as bedy

Such comments could not have been written by a milk-sop. Coming from one of the native Bostonians, with whom the worship of Englandthe fountain of our literature, the mirror of our manners, and the "nulwark of our religion" usually a second nature, we admire their hold and patriotic freedom, though many in that old Puritan town will sniff at them as in "shocking

• Let six such Americans meet round a store, in a barroom, or parlor, or hotel drawing room, of a morning—of the six four will apt before speaking a word, one will not good morning first, and sai afterwards, the sixth will make a remark somewhat at length upon the weather, and, by war of compensation for car aordinary retention, six twice or

CUBANEERS .- Mr. J. Thompson Wylde

CLEANEERS.—Mr. J. Thompson Wylde writes to The Express, from Orange Key. Bahama Banks, Aur. I, staning that
Two small steamboat, from New-Oricans, wise from 1,000 to 1,200 men on board, anchored in Los Mindros Roads last evening, and after stopping for about two hours, passed this place, steering E. S. E. It is well known here that the Cubans have purchased these steamers, and that those on board formed the auxiliary force expected by the Patriots from the United States. It is impossible to on esture the United States. It is impossible to our extere the cause of so many small craft, with such able bodied crews, assembling along the Reef and among the incumerable islands unless that which excites the public mind in regard to the political movements.

public mind in regard to the political movements now transpiring in Cuba.

The destination of the steamers and the flotills in this Archipelago, is unquestionably the flay of Nuevitra, which is the entrance to Fuerto Principe, the river emptying into the Bay running into the interior of the town of Principe. The approach to the Bay of Nuevitas by troops, must be made by sea from Havana, and not an oviter-boat can now move in these waters unknown to the invaders. At Puerto Principe, or on the opposite side of the island, and equidistant, are the town and river of St. Cruz, which is accessible to small vessels of war, and, to a certainty, at one of those two points will the men from the Reef and from the steamers effect a landing.

Accident.-Some three weeks since Accident.—Some three weeks since the T K. Wikinson foreman in the Woolen Factory of Bacon & Goodwin, in this village, was engaged in regulating the working of the wool-picker, when his right hand became entangled in the teeth, and was instantly forn from his arm, and being carried around the cylinder, was thrown with much ried around the cylinder, was thrown with much force across the room. So suddenly did this occur, that he was insensible to his misfortune, when a boy, who was engaged in the room, seeing what a dreadful accident had happened, with a seream, rushed out to stop the machinery. It was not until then that he realized his situation, the only sensation which he had experienced he described as not exceeding that of a more scratch. Dr. Barrows, of Clinton, was called, who found it necessary to amputate his forcarm, and he is doing well.

[Waterville Adv.